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WEEKLY REVIEW.

—The death of Mr. John Connon, Senior Magistrate of Bombay, at Alexandria, is announced. It is 27 years since he came to Bombay. He was a man very much liked in general society; he was fearless and magnanimous, a champion of the oppressed, a vigorous writer; he was loved by many that knew him intimately and highly esteemed by the public generally; but with due admiration of his many excellent qualities, there must always be mingled the regret that the love of stimulants should have maintained an undue hold of him. The *Bombay Gazette* devotes several columns to a notice of his career. It says:

His generosity to relations and friends, and to all who were in distress, was simply unbounded; and, though he detested the ostentation of charity, we believe it is the literal truth that he as a rule spent three-fourths of his income on other people.

Our contemporary thinks that Mr. Connon would have done well not to have left the ranks of journalism for the bar.

—Mr. W. F. Stearns, formerly of Bombay, whose death near New York has recently been announced, was the son of the Rev. Dr. Stearns, President of Amherst College. He came to Bombay about the time of the Mutiny, very young, with little money, we believe, very little known in commercial circles, and had to begin business in a humble way; the difficulties in the way of his rising to a position of commercial influence were very great; but he had energy, patience and keenness of vision, and in a few years he established a very extensive business. He was very much liked by the Natives of this country, towards whom he always conducted himself with a friendliness and cordiality not always seen in Europeans. He was open-handed and generous, and sought to be rich as much perhaps for the opportunities that wealth would give him of showing kindness, as for the sake of personal advantages. We have heard of a number of munificent acts performed by him; the last of these was the building of a chapel in connection with Amherst College, Mass.

—The *Argus*, a Bombay weekly established about three years ago, has ceased to exist. Since the *Guardian* was established in March, 1851, we have seen about a dozen weekly papers come into existence in the place and pass away. The *Ecclesiologist*, the High Church monthly recently mentioned in our columns, has also ceased to appear.

—From the great amount of talk about the Transit of Venus, people ignorant of Astronomy (if there are such) might suppose that Venus was going to do some uncommon thing. But Venus is always doing this thing, always moving before the sun, only it does not often happen that our earth is in a position to see her do it. From the great interest manifested by astronomers on the approaching event, it is evident that they are not altogether satisfied with their past computations of distances. For actual observation of Venus, that planet is in the most unfavourable position when between us and the sun, as we then see only her unillumined side. The transit will however afford a good opportunity of determining the velocity of light. When the planet begins to cross the sun's disk, she cuts off from us just so much of the sun's light as falls upon herself; but it will be some time after the actual interposition of the planet before that light will be obscured, *i.e.* before the dark spot will be seen on the sun's disk; and that lapse of time will be what is required for the sun's rays to travel from the orbit of Venus to ourselves. Sixty photographs (barring clouds) are to be taken of the planet in her path across the sun, by De la Rue.

—A contemporary hears that the Sirdars of Baroda and all the Native Officers of H. H. the Gaikwar's army have been obliged to appear at court and present *nuzzerana* of Rs. 10 each in honour of the Gaikwar's marriage with Bai Lukshmibai. We can imagine the bitterness that will be awakened in many minds by the obligation to pay homage in this way to one who belongs to another man, to say nothing about another caste. The Nawab who is the recognized head of the Ameers, could only be induced to attend after many urgent messages had reached him from the Gaikwar.

—A Roman Catholic paper published in Calcutta says that Romish priests do *not* avail themselves of the power which the confessional gives them, to obtain contributions for Church purposes. The *Indo-European Correspondence* may persuade itself that such is the fact, but we cannot reject the testimony that we have received regarding this matter. We have heard of a priest taking a subscription paper and deliberately altering the amounts subscribed for, insisting that the parties could well afford to give more. The Calcutta paper says that the great bulk of the money subscribed for the fine buildings erected here was not from Catholics at all. In this case, Dr. Dallas had no right to point to these buildings as evidences of the progress of Romanism; it simply shows that the Romanists have got some men with a great talent for begging. It is certainly remarkable that the Church of Rome should denounce those who are out of her communion as heretics worthy of death, and without the possibility of salvation, and then should supplicate them, cap in hand, to build her seminaries 'and convents and churches and orphanages.'

—An Englishwoman embraced Mahomedism on the 5th instant in Bombay, and immediately afterwards was married to a Mussalman, a Pathan. It appears, however, that she already had a husband living, a Mr. Lennon, who on the 8th instant had her arrested on a charge of bigamy.

—We have much pleasure in mentioning the arrival of Rev. Narayan Sheshadri from England.

—The Rev. Dr. Wilson has returned from Mahabaleshwar very much improved in health.

—The Rev. Mr. Urquhart of the Baptist Church officiated last Sunday evening in St. Andrew's Kirk, and Rev. D. Macpherson in the Baptist Church; the Lord's Supper was administered at both places.

—There were about 120 conversions at Madras last month, in connection with the Rev. Mr. Taylor's preaching, including the work at Palaveram. Last week services were carried on in the new Pendal on the Esplanade; two services daily, one for the educated Natives then returning from the Fort, and one in the evening for all classes. Seventeen sought the Lord.

—There is a notice in our Epitome of union meetings held last week in Calcutta. There were special services in several churches.

—In some of our cotton mills now springing up so numerously and carried on under Native management, the operatives have no rest on the Sunday. We commend to them the following statement used by the *Dnyanodaya* to show the great error of supposing more work can be done in seven consecutive days than in six, with a weekly day of rest:

A company of labourers were digging for coal in the Central Provinces. Under one superintendent the men worked for seven days in the week, for three months. Then another superintendent took charge, who caused the men to work, for three months, only six days in the week. At the end of three months he found that while resting on the Sabbath the men had done 8 per cent. more work, at a cost to their employers 15 per cent. less, than when they worked Sundays. Even in a business point of view Sabbath-keeping *pays*.

—The great Revival of religion in Scotland is deepening and extending day by day, nor is it by any means confined to that country. We notice that two or three young men, college students who had been greatly blessed under Mr. Moody's teaching, have been visiting Sunderland, and the Lord has greatly blessed their testimony and labours there. The names of 360 persons (males) professing to have found the Lord there at this time, have been taken down. In West Hartlepool, the ministers tried to get a visit from Messrs. Moody and Sankey, and not succeeding, resolved to wait upon the Lord themselves. They began a series of special services, and 200 were converted. And thus in very many places, Christians are discovering the true significance of the promises, and are getting them cashed at the treasury of heaven. Six months

have witnessed a wonderful change in the breaking down of prejudices. The Rev. Arthur A. Rees of Sunderland, referring to a letter of his last written autumn, says (in the *Christian*): "I now see that when the audience is manifestly under the preacher's spell—that is, under the power of the word and Spirit through him—the call for a show of hands, or for standing up, or for open confession, may be not only legitimate, but expedient. It is a great help to the weak and wavering, to be called on to pass the point of indecision by some external display."

Professor Ram Chundra, a Native Christian, has been writing to the *Indian Mirror* protesting against the extraordinary doctrine of the latter that sin exhausts itself and leaves men holy. He says:

While Atheism promises utter annihilation after death, and thus only destroys the fear of punishment hereafter, Brahmoism gladdens the hearts of all those who live and glory in sin in this world with the certain hope of everlasting life of perfect joy in the next.

The *Mirror* says in reply:

His logic is wrong, and his heart seems unkind and unable to realize the fulness of divine love. Theism of all systems of faith offers the greatest discouragement to sin, because it holds that Christians, Hindoos, and Brahmos will all be adequately punished for their sins, here or hereafter, and that no form of expiation can secure the remission of such punishment.

All sinners are to be adequately punished. Very good. But who shall determine what punishment is adequate? This, surely, is not a question to be referred to the sinner. For sin is the substitution of one's own will for that of the Creator, of one's wisdom for that of God. The very nature of sin makes it impossible that one who is affected by it should be able to estimate it. Again, sin has been defined as a departing from the living God. O righteous Father, says Christ, the world hath not known thee. The knowledge of God departs when sin enters. But the desert of sin can only be ascertained by the knowledge of the Being against whom it is committed. Sinners are therefore out of court as regards this question. It is not possible that they should be able to determine what is the adequate punishment of sin. Sin takes its character from the greatness and excellency of the Being whose laws it violates. We do not go to a band of forgers to ask them their opinion of forging, or to a company of burglars to get their views as to the sin of breaking the sixth and eighth commandments, or to a pawnbroker to know how much of a sin covetousness is. Sinners cannot be on more unsafe ground, than when they undertake to settle what is the true desert of sin. They are so grossly blinded that they prefer their own ideas to those of God; they bring God down very much to their own level; for this is virtually what every act of disobedience does. Having belittled God in this way, it is very natural indeed that they should look upon sin as a finite thing, easily dealt with. No, there is but one Being to whom this question can be referred, and that is God himself. Will He put contempt upon his commandments and acknowledge that they are not so very necessary to the well-being of the creation, by writing disobedience down as a venial thing? Nay, he owes it to himself to vindicate his truth and justice in the eyes of the universe, by stamping sin with the blackest possible brand of reprobation. To make light of sin is to make light of the claims of his own authority, and of the interests of his creatures. This is not a question that can be referred even to the best among sinners, to those who have some knowledge of God; not even to those who have been for thousands of years making progress in the knowledge of God; for their conception of sin deepens as their conception of God is enhanced. If all that Theists can tell us is this, viz. that men must receive the adequate punishment of their sins, we can only bow them out of court. They may make haste to add that their conception of God's authority is so very slight that they cannot think the punishment will be severe; but the obvious reply to this is, Your present opinion gives no indication of what your future opinion will be, for just in the degree that your conceptions of God expand, will your view of the demerit of sin become profounder. Among all the fantastic tricks played by men before high angels, hardly any will seem more preposterous than the pretension to decide what is the demerit of sin. It will be a strange day when the judge on the bench refers to the prisoner before him the question of the amount of penalty. Those will be palmy days for law-breakers.

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THE RIVER OF THE WATER OF LIFE.

We have often heard from the lips of an evangelist whose labours have been much blessed of God among us, a statement concerning the river of the water of life somewhat as follows: *This is the longest river* in the world; it has its rise at the throne of God and extends to the utmost limits of the human race. Mr. Heycock, in his Prophetical History of the Church and of the World, submits a very different estimate of the length of this river. In his map of the Future Palestine he traces the rise and course of the River of the Water of Life, until its termination in the Dead Sea, and we find that its entire length is 68 miles. The trees of life are represented as growing upon its banks for a distance of about 20 miles. Thus are the most glorious things in God's word belittled by the schemes of literalists. The Lord Jesus, standing in the midst of the multitudes assembled at the Feast of Tabernacles, cried aloud: "If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink; he that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." And the sacred writer adds, by way of explanation, that Jesus was speaking of the Spirit which believers should receive when he should have been glorified, that is, after his ascension. The promise is that Jesus will not only satisfy the thirst of those who come to him, but make them to be sources or reservoirs from whence rivers of living water shall flow, and he subjoins the statement that this shall be the fulfilment of Scripture—'as the Scripture hath said.' Now where shall we find in the Old Testament any promise to the effect that rivers of living water shall flow from the believer? We are shut up to the prophecy in Ezekiel xlvii. where the living waters, the waters of life, are represented as having their source in the temple. The temple was the earthly place of God's manifestation; it was a type of Jesus, in whom dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily; he spoke of his own body as the temple, to be cast down and raised again in three days; and Christians are also said to be a habitation of God through the Spirit. The Vine and the branches are one; and what is predicated of the branches is predicated of the Vine. But we are expressly told that our Lord had reference to the Spirit, who was to be given to the disciples after his ascension. It follows that in the Acts of the Apostles we have the course of these rivers of living water traced for a considerable distance from the source. On the day of Pentecost it was not merely the handful of disciples whose soul-thirst was satisfied, but some thousands of others were visited by the river of the water of life. The Spirit of God was to abide with true believers always; and the history of the Church for eighteen centuries, if it were written as faithfully as the Acts of the Apostles, would show us the course of this great river of the water of life. The Acts show us the fulfilment of the promise given by Jesus; of course not exhaustively; they show us the fulfilment of the description in Ezekiel, though not exhaustively. But some will say that the promise in Ezekiel has features of literality about it that forbid a spiritual application. They who say this overlook, we think, one essential condition of interpretation; when a particular kind of treatment makes nonsense of Scripture, this treatment is necessarily precluded. Our Lord on one occasion said, 'Beware ye of the leaven of the Pharisees;' his disciples thought he was reproving them for not having brought bread; he was excessively displeased with them for understanding him literally and not spiritually. *It would make nonsense of* his words to insist that these rivers must flow from the *belly* of a believer; and in like manner we make nonsense of Ezekiel to literalize his description and insist upon having an actual stream of water rising in a temple at Jerusalem and flowing into the Dead Sea and causing a great multitude of fishes to live there, so that many fishermen shall get a living by them. Our Lord told Peter that he would make him a fisher of men; and both this and the prediction in John began to be gloriously fulfilled on the Day of Pentecost.

In the midst of Ezekiel's descriptions of the future temple, God says to the prophet, "Son of man, show the house to the house of Israel, that they may be ashamed of their iniquities; and let them measure the pattern." Now it is evident that these minute architectural descriptions, of a house to be built by the Jews on their restoration, were intended for the people of that day, to humble them. The Jews were then in Babylon, and were looking forward to a time when they should be restored and should rebuild the temple. The temple described by Ezekiel is one that would demand resources and powers far beyond any that they possessed; as we advance in the eight chapters we find the temple expanding, until we have impossible dimensions. The tendency of the Jews was to self-glorification; and when the temple had been restored by Herod they were disposed to look upon it as the wonder of the world. Now this description in Ezekiel was calculated to rebuke their vain-glorious spirit, and to keep them humble by reminding them that any house they might build for the Lord would after all be unworthy; and the more thoughtful among

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them would be prepared to welcome the dispensation of the Spirit, and to see the vast superiority of the spiritual temple over anything that man's hands might build. The things of the Spirit can only be appreciated by those who are led by the Spirit; and prophecies of the blessings of Messiah's reign, given while the Mosaic dispensation continued, had to be couched in the language of that period, to have any meaning. But on the Day of Pentecost and afterwards we find the Apostles taking up with glad surprise the prophecies of Joel, David and Isaiah, and pointing out their fulfilment in the wonderful experiences then granted unto them. And throughout the New Testament we find these Old Testament prophecies most abundantly quoted, with an application to the spiritual fulfilment; many of the prophecies being in the distinctive language of that bygone dispensation. A careful study of 1 Cor. ii. will be found helpful in this connection. He that is spiritual (Spirit-led) judgeth all things. The things of the Spirit are the highest of all things; and we believe the grandest and most striking prophecies of Scripture will have their culmination in Christian experience. The kingdom of God is within you.

NEWS FROM SCOTLAND.

THE *Glasgow Mail* of May 20th has 2½ columns on "The Revival in Glasgow." It gives an account of the meetings held in the Crystal Palace the previous week. For six days in succession some 6000 or 8000 persons were daily present. At one of the services only those were admitted who professed to have been converted since January 1st last, and who could give church references; the number amounted to 3,500. On Sunday morning

While several ministers, along with Mr. Sankey, conducted the service inside, Mr. Moody addressed a crowd in the open air that filled the whole space between the palace and the gate of the Botanic Gardens. Many hundreds did not get even the length of the garden gate. The estimates of the vast throng—mere guess-work, of course—range from 15,000 to 30,000.

We are not aware that so many large and representative meetings have been drawn together in Glasgow within six days by any cause or interest whatever during the present century.

In the second week of Feb. Messrs. Moody and Sankey began their work among us; and for the last three months they have conducted meetings every day, with a few exceptions. The mind experiences a sense of fatigue in detailing their efforts. They certainly have not spared themselves. Here is something like an average week-day's work—12 to 1 o'clock, prayer-meeting; 1 to 2 o'clock, conversation with individuals; 4 to 5 o'clock, Bible lecture, attended by some 1200 or 1500; 7 to 8-30 o'clock, evangelistic meeting, with inquiry meeting at close; 9 to 10 o'clock, young men's meeting. The tale of some Sabbath-days' work is even heavier: 9 to 10 o'clock, City Hall; 11 to 12-30 o'clock, a church service; 5 to 7 o'clock, women's; 7 to 9 o'clock, men's meetings in City Hall.

We cannot well understand why some educated minds, without granting a hearing, condemn religious revivals out and out on philosophical grounds. Viewed on the human side, the philosophy of revivals, as they term it, is just a department of the philosophy of history. In no region has progress been uniformly steady and gradual; but it has been now and then by great strides, by fits and starts, and such events as the Germans call epoch-making. In all the affairs of men there have been tides with full floods. Every channel along which human energies pour themselves has had its "freshets." We are all familiar with revivals in trade, science, literature, arts, and politics. Times of refreshing and visitation are not much more frequent in sacred than in secular history, and they indicate the most interesting and fruitful periods in both.

Mr. Moody is very fortunate in having such a colleague as Mr. Sankey. He has enriched evangelistic work by something approaching the discovery of a new power. He spoils the Egyptians of their finest music, and consecrates it to the service of the Tabernacle. Music in his hands is, more than it has yet been, the handmaid of the Gospel, and the voice of the heart. We have seen many stirred and melted by his singing before a word had been spoken. Indeed his singing is just a powerful, distinct, and heart-toned way of speaking, that seems often to reach the heart by a short cut, when mere speaking might lose the road. Most people admit that the work has been conducted in a very calm and sober-minded fashion. Mr. Moody is credited with a large share of shrewdness and common sense. He has not yielded to temptations that powerfully assail his class.

We have been favoured with the following extracts from private letters. The first is from Glasgow:

On the 17th May we went out in the evening to the Kibble Palace at the Botanic Gardens to hear Mr. Moody's farewell sermon. I never saw such a crowd. The place was packed with over 7000 people. After the hymns and prayers we were told that Mr. Moody was preaching outside, as there were 15,000 people collected there, and that all must go out to hear him. It was a most impressive sight—wherever you looked, masses of people listening attentively. It was a lovely night, and the meeting lasted till nearly ten o'clock. Mr. Moody and Sankey have now gone, but much good remains. There is a great spirit of earnestness awakened both among ministers and people.

This is from Edinburgh, 20th May:

I must tell you how this day has been spent. We attended the noon meeting. The Hall was packed almost full by eleven o'clock. We stood all the time in a crammed passage. Hundreds were obliged to leave. Some hymns were sung during the waiting hour, Mr. Sankey leading and giving instructions how to sing. This is one of the marvels of the day, how Mr. Sankey has really taught these thousands to sing his hymns as he thinks best, and the docility with which the people follow his guidance. Also how well the hymns seem to be adapted to the taste of the people *generally, and how they are remembered* and well sung. One often hears the voices of men standing behind them in the passages, singing without books. The unity of voice and the distinctness with which the words are heard are remarkable, no one drawling out a note after the others had closed it.

At last Mr. Moody stood up and gave such a nice address from Psalms xxii., xxiii., and xxiv.

No one could take up the 23rd Psalm but on resurrection grounds—no one who had not in Christ passed through the experience of the 22nd. One remark only I shall quote on the words "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death." Some spoke of the dark valley. There was no dark valley to the believer; there was only a shadow as when a man crosses your path and casts a shadow on it for a moment, so death merely casts a shadow. We then sang "There's light in the valley."

Several speakers said a little on Jesus as the Shepherd, or on His people. One said he had been in the train which met with an accident the other day, when for several seconds all expected to be at once before the judgment-seat, and he desired to testify to the goodness of God, by whose grace at that dreadful time he feared no evil—his mind was kept in perfect peace—he had no anxiety. After one had spoken of Jesus seeking out his lost ones, Mr. Sankey sang of the ninety and nine abiding under the care of the Shepherd, and his leaving them to seek out one of his lost ones. It was very touching. At one o'clock the meeting closed, and we adjourned to St. Luke's for the Bible-reading at three. Hundreds again had to go away. Mr. Moody's address was on the two Adams—very forcible and telling: no place in his teaching for human perfectibility. "Some think they have done with the 7th of Romans; no man has done with it till he steps into his grave." He gave many useful illustrations of the way in which a man would find that he had not done with the old Adam. He must watch and pray and fight against him all his days." Young converts were specially addressed and urged to be ever on their watch-tower. Mr. Moody most anxiously urges the keeping up of the noon meeting as a centre of interest and information.

And now it may be we shall hear his voice and see his face no more until we meet before the Throne. To-morrow he holds an open-air meeting in the Queen's Park, the last in Edinburgh. He has been commissioned to do a great work in our land. He has kept free from extravagancies; his teaching has been sound; he has never put himself in the foreground, but held forth Christ and the Holy Spirit as the Divine Almighty agent; the Bible is his text-book. He has been the means of converting hundreds, he has quickened the souls of God's people, he has revived our Church services and the zeal of our ministers; and I wish him Godspeed on his glorious errand, and pray that many may follow his footsteps.

We do not agree with Mr. Moody on his view of the 7th of Romans, as it is stated above. In that chapter the Apostle shows what the law can do for a man. "When the commandment came, sin revived and I died." The law can give a man a very clear perception of the will of God, and may constrain him to recognize the excellency of that will, but cannot give him the least power to walk therein. This is a mistake that many Christians even make; supposing that because they are enlightened, they may expect obedience from their own heart. The object of Paul is to show our entire dependence upon the Spirit. There is not a word about the Spirit in Rom. vii.; hence the wretched struggle ending always in defeat. But at length the grand discovery bursts upon him; the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus (the Spirit revealing to him the true springs of his being in Jesus Christ, and that abidingly) makes him free from the law of sin and death, delivers him from the body of this death. The Christian does indeed need to have always on the armour of God, to fight the good fight of faith, to watch and pray, but then his language is, Thanks be unto God, who always causeth us to triumph. It is 28 years since we passed out of the experience recorded in Rom. vii. into that of Rom. viii., and we have been done with the former ever since. Like Mr. Moody we have no belief in the perfectibility of human nature, and therefore we evermore abide in Christ, in whom we have all things that pertain to life and godliness. They who are oscillating or swinging from Rom. vii. to viii. and back again, have not learned fully their own depravity in the former, nor Christ's sufficiency in the latter. When I am weak, then am I strong. I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me.

The following extract is from another account of Mr. Moody's preaching:

The subject "The Two Adams," the one bringing sin and death, the other bringing righteousness and life, was handled in a way at once interesting and practical all throughout. He took occasion to compare Romans vii. and viii. In Romans vii. you see the old man, the old Adam, still living, and he is springing on the new man, seeking to keep him down; in Romans viii. you see the new man overcoming the old man—he has got him down. But young converts would do well to remember that they must watch the old man all their life long, for the conflict will not cease but with life.

The second Adam is CHRIST, and it is by faith in him that the believer gets free from the first. We are told to put on the new man and put off the old man, not to array them in mortal combat against each other. The new man has no power to overcome the old man, and Romans vii. shows what such a conflict must always end in. But what the new man cannot do, Christ, received by simple faith for this express purpose, accomplishes.

More important even than the many thousands converted under Mr. Moody's preach-

ing, is the effect that that preaching has had upon a great body of ministers, who have been led to apprehend as they never did before the availability of Christ's power to save, and who, we have no doubt, will hereafter preach the word with faith for immediate results, and according to their faith it shall be unto them.

THE JUGGERNAUT OF DRINK.

The *Home News* gives the following from the pen of Mr. Sala:

On May 18, while the Guildhall was being swept and garnished for a sumptuous pageant; while the thoughts of the privileged classes were running upon crowned heads; upon Lord Mayors in crimson velvet robes with ermine capes; upon the uniforms of gallant officers, and the toilettes of fair ladies; upon silver trumpets, iced champagne, sweet-smelling bouquets, and the band of the Grenadier Guards, conducted by Mr. Dan Godfrey; one of the meanest, the most miserable, but the most horrible of tragedies was coming to light at the East-end. A working man named Blair, living in a small house in Joseph-street, Bow Common, deliberately murdered first his wife, next his four small children, and finally himself. These murders were committed under the most shocking circumstances, the assassin having not only cut the throats of his victims, but battered in their heads with a hammer. The man Blair was nearly fifty years of age, by trade a bricklayer, out of employment. When sober he was a decent and quiet man enough; but he was addicted to drinking; and when drunk he was a mad savage. It seemed to have been long suspected among his neighbours that he would do his children a mischief at some time or other: nay, he had been heard to say that he would "murder the whole lot of them." No steps, however, seem to have been taken to bind the dangerous dipsomaniac over to keep the peace, or to put him under restraint in default of his finding sureties.

What steps should have been taken? The man had his drunken spells, being at other times sober and well-behaved. To guard against the possibility of such slaughter, it would have been necessary either that the State should take possession of him and keep him in prison all his days, or else shut up the gin-palaces. But the former method would have been effectual only in the case of the man so detained, leaving thousands of others to be acted upon by the grog-shops. When the State licenses a public drinking-house, the possibility to which it opens a door is slaughter like that above mentioned. When sober the man Blair was a decent and quiet man enough, gladly labouring for the support of his wife and children. But the State saw fit that when he took his daily walks abroad he should be met at every corner by all the solicitations and allurements of the gin-palace. The deed now reported only differs from multitudes that are continually occurring, in the extent and suddenness of the evil wrought. There are thousands of husbands and fathers who are constantly being converted into fiends, and who are engaged in murdering their families by inches, not like Blair, at one fell swoop. And yet there are journalists who find amusement in the crusade carried on by women in America against the drinking-saloons, and who are at a loss to understand what on earth can excite them so much!

The Bible gives us great principles, and then gives us pictures. One of the very first things in this fallen world to which it calls our attention is the evil wrought by drink. It does not take some waif of society to show how he was affected by it, but it takes the very best man in his day, Noah, and shows us what effect stimulants had upon him: Gen. ix. 21. Here is the first mention of wine, and we have a sad picture of its effects. Noah was probably ignorant of the effect it would have upon him, but the Scripture took care that all future ages should be cognizant of it. A little further on we have an account of the deliverance of Lot, the just man, from Sodom, and then we have a frightful and revolting record of conduct into which he was betrayed through the influence of drink. And it is as though God at the very beginning of revelation, called upon all mankind to take note of the awful scourge which drink would be to them if indulged in. He shows us that it has power to bring the most righteous men down to the level of the most bestial. He shows us the teeth and claws of the monster and leaves us to profit by the information given.

What the Bible thus impressively teaches, is continually and powerfully taught not merely by such wholesale slaughter as is above recorded, but by the overthrow of men whom society delights in; men in high position who have an unfortunate fondness for drink, and whose irregularities are overlooked for the sake of their agreeable qualities, but who drink themselves into a drunkard's grave, not precipitately, but surely and steadily. Are such things in vain? Shall we look leniently upon a scourge that brings to an untimely and ignoble end men that were fitted in many respects to lead the van of society? And has society no responsibility in this matter? If wine makes my brother to offend, I will not touch it while the world stands, says one; but that is Quixotic and ridiculous, say a hundred; though wine and strong drink degrade and ruin our best men, that is no reason why we who have command of ourselves should abstain. But will not the unhappy man that lacked this self-command, and went down to an untimely grave, call for you at the judgment-seat, for you whose glasses so pleasantly clinked with his, and rightly demand that you should have your share of the doom assigned to him?

Epitome of News.

Saturday, June 6, 1874.

—*Times of India:* "From the 1st of July 'press messages' on matters of 'manifestly public interest' may be sent to us from any station by any person at a quarter of the ordinary telegraph rates. Such telegrams will be sent and received on the understanding that they will be published in their entirety. This concession places Indian newspapers on a level with their English contemporaries, who have for years had this privilege."

—"The Rajah of Kuppoorthula, who was reported as improving in health, is again in such a condition as to give considerable cause for anxiety. In a fit of insanity he threw himself out of a window, and the result was a serious shock. The Rajah shuts himself up in his private apartments, and his medical advisers have very seldom a sight of him."

—"The Northern State Railway will open to Wazeerabad on the 1st of July, and to Jhelum on the 1st of August."

—"We hear the only European regiment that will move in relief this year in the Bombay Presidency will be the 68th Light Infantry at Poona, which will take the place of the 49th Regiment at Mhow, going home. Some few native regiments will move, among others the 16th Native Infantry to Nusseerabad, the 23rd Native Infantry taking their place at Mhow."

—"Government has announced the issue of a new four per cent. loan for 2½ crores of rupees. Tenders will be received till noon on 9th of July."

—Rev. W. M. Dallinger in the *Pioneer:* "In the commonest Drosera or sundew (*D. rotundifolia*) Prof. Bennett found that on placing an insect on the leaf, it became speedily entangled in the viscid fluid, and slowly carried further and further down the leaf until at length every gland of the leaf was pointing towards the object in the centre, forming a dense mass over it—the sides of the leaf themselves having become more concave to accomplish this. In the Venus Fly-trap this is much more rapidly and plainly accomplished by the folding together of the two opposite halves of the toothed leaves, like the closing of a book; and there is little question that insects are consumed by the plant and actually digested and appropriated to the building up of tissue. But what was of real interest in this series of observations was a determination of the amount of influence exerted by the animal nature of the object which happened to drop upon the leaf. Flies always cause an entrapping movement of the leaf. But was this due to the irritation consequent upon the flies' motion? This was answered in the negative by the fact that a piece of raw beef produced precisely the same effect; it was treated exactly as the fly would be. But when a piece of wood and a piece of worsted were placed upon the leaf no effect whatever was produced, the glands and the leaves remaining absolutely inactive. Thus the Drosera includes plants that appear absolutely carnivorous! Mrs. M. Treat, of America, has continued and expanded these observations, and with most remarkable and interesting results; for she finds that these singular plants are not only capable of detecting the difference between what is organic in structure and what is not when the substance is in actual *contact* with their sensitive glands, but that they can detect and *reach after at a distance* what they desire. For example, in her last experiments she pinned some living flies *half an inch from the leaf*, and in 40 minutes the leaves had bent perceptibly *towards the flies*, and at length their legs were reached and held fast. She also finds that they not only take small flies, but large ones also, and that moths and butterflies two inches in length were held captive until they died; but the larger insects were found not to be directly appropriated by the plant, but are allowed to fall around the roots for fertilization; while the lesser insects are in the truest sense digested. And Mrs. Treat has fully confirmed the statement that whilst raw beef, or even raw fruit, will be rapidly absorbed by these plants, they will wholly reject substances such as chalk, magnesia, or pebbles; and Mr. Darwin asserts that by *pricking* one of these remarkable leaves they are paralysed."

Monday, June 8.

—Fall of rain up to Saturday, 2½ inches.

—*Indian Statesman:* "A European woman embraced Islamism on Friday, namely, a Mrs. Bushe, the widow of an employé of the B. B. and C. I. Railway Company. She had resided up to that time at Parell. She has two children, a girl and a boy, aged respectively seven and four years. On Friday night after having, with her children, become Mahomedans at the Jackaria Musjid, the woman was married according to the Mahomedan rites to a discharged sowar from the 1st Beloochee Regiment named Meera Ahmed Khan."

—*Friend of India:* "A man of the Dosad caste lately attempted the murder of a woman in Calcutta, for the sake of a few silver ornaments. While he was endeavouring to mortally wound her she shrieked, and the villain contented himself with cutting off one of her ears, solely to obtain a miserable earring."

—"The desire for a time of revival has sprung up in Calcutta, and its first evidence is a spirit of unity among the different ecclesiastical bodies. The ministers of all the Protestant churches—not Episcopalian chaplains, but including the Rev. Messrs. Welland and Bomwetsch of the Church of England—have met in conference and have organized a series of Union prayer-meetings. The first, in Mr. Thoburn's new chapel on Monday, was filled to overflowing, the Rev. G. Kerry presiding. To-night Mr. Welland will preside at a similar meeting in the Lall Bazaar Chapel. Throughout the week meetings are being held in the two Scotch Kirks and in Union Chapel. A correspondent, a layman, writes that the meeting of Monday was by far the best religious gathering he has witnessed since leaving home."

"—In an admirable first paper on education in relation to Christianity (in the *Indian Evangelical Review*) Mr. Barton establishes this indictment against Government, that it has attempted what

it was never in a position to undertake, professing to give an education in which the needs of the most important part of man's nature are left out of sight altogether, and that it has grievously neglected a duty which it alone was in a position to undertake, the communication of elementary instruction to the community at large. So great has been the *vis inertiæ* of precedent and custom, and so strong the centralizing tendency of official departmentalism, that far less practical advance has been made during the last twenty years than might reasonably have been expected, and the policy still pursued in most parts of India is in point of fact very little in advance of that which prevailed forty years ago."

—Mrs. Mason, in the *Friend of India*, gives the following account of her God-language: "I will tell you what I believe it is, but *why* I believe it cannot be stated here. According to my own views, it is a Divine Language,—the first language of man. That it came from God, and contained a Divine Revelation to man. That this Divine language, like a golden thread, runs through all languages, and hence all languages contain a Revelation to man of God's Son, as the Atoning Sacrifice—the One Mediator. There is the Science of Language and there is the *Divinity of Language*. This is the "God-Language." This Divinity of Language is imprinted in the heavens: 'Day unto day uttereth speech,' and '*There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard.*' "Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.' Of course then I believe in a Divine Grammar. Yes, I do. God was the first great Grammarian, and He first taught grammar to man. The heavens are full of nouns and verbs and all parts of speech. The construction, too, of the Heaven-and-Earth Grammar is a delightful study, but one who shuts up his eyes and stops his ears will never hear this 'Daughter of the Voice,' or see the Shemitic writing from east to west, in the motions of the heavenly bodies, or the Aryan writing from west to east, or the Chinese writing in the forces of attraction—in gravitation and electricity.

"Yes, my dear Sir, there is a 'still small voice'—a Divine or God Language—in the sun and planets, and in their motions; in the air, the light, and the darkness; in all the forms of nature in the waters above and beneath; in the pathways of the clouds and birds, in the singing of flame, in the circle of the wave, in the prison of the snowflake, in the hue of the emerald; in the stratification of rocks, in the composition of soils, in the numbers of metals, in the cineration even of a log of wood, and in the nerve-streams of our sensitive bodies. Why, the very *shapes* of leaves make a holy alphabet—while the involutions of a rosebud pencil the history of the 'Rose of Sharon.' And above all is there a Holy Language found in the Arithmetic and Geometry of the universe, and in the development of Life.

"'All day long I have stretched forth my hands,' saith God, 'to a *gainsaying* people.' And how true! See the hands of God 'full of eyes,' in the colours of the spectrum—the 'Seven eyes,' and seven colours. And how slow people have been to acknowledge this Divine Language of colours! See the archetypal hands of our Blessed Lord stretched out as upon a cross, to the east and the west, in the *earth*-light that enwheels our globe, as the Prophet understood when he saw the 'Form of a man's hand under their wings'—the wings of the cherubim—the glittering *first* and *last* night of the evening and the morning—the 'First Day.' Yes, I did teach to the Karens the God-Language—that the beginning of this creation was a circle of magnetic light—*Earth*-light—and that it was the beginning also of that body which the Son of God came to assume in Bethlehem when He became 'The Man Christ Jesus.' This, as I believed and still believe, was shown to me in the first of Genesis, in the first of John, and in Revelation.

"God used very simple means to teach me this, and I showed it to the Karens in June 1862, and drew it out for them upon the blackboard, trying to make them see that it was the John Baptist of creation, pointing us to 'The Lamb slain before the foundation of the world,' and also to 'The Lamb on the Mount'—'He that sitteth upon the circle of the earth'—the 'Great white throne,' 'Judging right,' typified by Solomon's 'Great throne of *ivory*,' *overlaid* with pure gold. And further I told them that it was to teach this Divine or God Language of the Bible and of Nature that Jehovah appeared so many times *under the cherubim*. That everything created and formed contains a Revelation of God's Son to man I fully believe, nor does this destroy the Bible in the least, but it corroborates and confirms those sublime truths which God inspired the prophets, and perhaps others, to read and to translate into the language of man. Hence this Divine Language is found in architecture, in weaving and embroidery, in music and painting, in the working of metals, and in ploughing. Man thinks he himself has discovered the arts, but God showed them to him through this Sacred or God Language."

She says that when she heard the Bishop of Calcutta say that our Saviour, being God, could not be confirmed by man, but was confirmed by the Holy Ghost descending and lighting upon him, she could have gone and kissed the Bishop's feet for joy. The thought was so *new* to her it almost took her off her feet.

Tuesday, June 9.

—The *Times of India* draws attention to the masterly reply of the Duke of Argyll to the position taken by Mr. Cardwell that the Indian revenues should be made "to contribute to the cost of the Military Staff and Head Quarter Departments at home, to that of the Regimental Staff of Corps to which Indian Depôts are attached or affiliated; to the full cost of raising and training and relieving corps; to the full cost of the educational establishments for officers and for men; to the cost of experiments in arms and ammunition; and to the cost of rewards to inventors of military weapons and machines."

The late Secretary of State exposes the fallacy of this idea.

—The Parsee who was injured in a collision of a railway car with a cart has died.

—The mother-in-law of a Brahmin named Venishunker has been murdered at Surat, and he has been arrested on suspicion.

—"A paper entitled 'Reasons of an Episcopal Clergyman for Desiring Disestablishment' was publicly read in London lately by the Rev. J. B. Heard, M.A., of Pinner. He said that for years he had kept his opinions to himself, not from any reason to be ashamed of them, but because he had never till then been called upon to make a public avowal of them. It weighed very little with him that he should be thought a black sheep by his Church brethren. He was encouraged to believe that the paradoxes of one age would become the commonplaces of another, and it was not impossible, if the present chaotic state of the Ecclesiastical Courts on ritual questions continued, that he might even live to see bishops patrons of Disestablishment. Mr. Heard, after an elaborate argument, summed up his reasons in seven short statements, which were as follows, viz:—1. Because a national Church is an institution which represents rather the Old Testament than the New Testament idea of the relation of the soul to God. 2. Because a national Church represents the principles of Cæsarism, or the ascendancy of the State in things which do not belong to the kingdom of Cæsar. 3. Because a national Church unites those who are divided, and divides those who are united. As it works in this country it unnaturally couples together those who hold theologies as widely opposed to each other as those of Rome and Geneva. 4. Because in making a State provision for the wants of the poor it overlooks the fact that the poor, as a rule, are as sensitive as the rich, and desire to have a ministry paid and supported by themselves. 5. Because while national in name it is in fact sectarian. 6. Because a spiritual society being designed of God to check, neutralize, and counteract the tendencies of a secular and civil society, to ally the two together, much more to subject the spiritual to the civil, is to defeat the designs of God in establishing His Church on earth. 7. Because in the growth of civilization from a rude to a civilized state the process of differentiation takes place.

—The Whim-writer of the *Times of India*, in speaking of the two Derby Sweep prizes now in Bombay, says: "The only atonement the pair can make is to hand over the whole proceeds to a Missionary Society for the reclamation of the benighted heathen, to whom sweeps are unknown."

The Missionary Society would be better without this money. It should be restored to those to whom it properly belongs.

—*Athenæum*: "One of the most spirited pictures in the Royal Academy this season is Miss E. Thompson's *Calling the Roll after an Engagement, Crimea*. Every year's *salon* contains some half-a-dozen such pictures, but Miss Thompson's work is not the less meritorious on that account. It represents a muster of foot-guards, while the call is read by a serjeant, himself wounded and passing slowly along before the thinned ranks. One soldier stands still and full of thought; another weeps for, it may be, a lost brother; one offers rough consolation to his neighbour; and one, next the last, binds up his own badly-wounded wrist, and has a face full of rude sympathy for those who suffer more. One, in agonies, leans on his rifle; while another supports himself on his companion's arm. At this instant a man has fallen, fainting or dead, and his next man stoops to see which it is. The design is intensely dramatic, the execution capital, and the whole highly creditable to the lady who has produced it."

—From the 15th inst. three trains for Poona will leave Bombay daily, at 7 A.M., 1 A.M. and 2½ P.M. (Madras time.)

Wednesday, June 10.

—A correspondent of the *Bombay Gazette* describes a visit to some of the opium and chundool shops in Bombay: "I watched what was done by one opium-smoker from the time he entered the shop. First he went to the Chinaman, who was weighing out a black liquor in little dirty cups. The liquor was prepared from small pieces of opium dissolved in water, and was of qualities—the first being almost a solution of pure opium, and the second (called chundool) a small particle of good opium mixed with the refuse extracted from smoked pipes. The Chinaman asks what he wants—chundool or other opium. As our opium-smoker is a poor man, with his skin peeping through many a chink in his clothes, he says 'chundool,' and receives for two pice a little cupful of chundool. He then approaches a rack of pipes which stands near the door, while the Chinaman marks down the transaction on a slate. He next moves off cautiously, with his pipe in one hand and his precious little cup in the other, until he sees a vacant place on a bench large enough to hold him. He then throws himself down on his breast at full length, while a little oil-lamp is placed in front of him. The pipe is worth noticing. The stem is a rough-hollowed piece of wood, and the bowl, shaped like a common blue-glazed earthenware globular ink-bottle, is, with the exception of a little hole in the side, completely closed up. The smoker with one hand holds the little hole close to the flame; with the other he dexterously twirls some opium round a pin, and puts it to the hole; then he draws a long whiff, and lies on his side to enjoy the full effect of the inhalation. This process he repeats about half-a dozen times; the quantity of opium in the cup reaches low ebb; and while he is preparing to scrape up a little more on the pin, the pipe falls on the bench, and he lies on his back staring fixedly at the roof with a smile on his face. The poor wretch, who looked when he entered the shop like a man whom the buffeting of the world had rendered desperate, is now happy in oblivion, and will be so for an hour or two, when his senses will recover and intimate to him that while he wants another cup of chundool he has not a pice in the world to buy it with.

"I left the shop, and went to another close by, where I had to obtain entrance by taking a long step upwards and swinging myself in by means of a rope suspended above the door. This room was also low-roofed, full of benches, and had all the objectionable characteristics of the other shop, with the addition that here women were lying about in various stages of insensibility, their pipes resting by their sides. I then went to a well-known shop in Lower Duncan Road, belonging to Joosuf Oosman. This was a perfect den, into which air could only pass by the narrow doorway. There were several men and women lying about, on benches and on the floor, and you can imagine the stench in the place, partly from the smoke, and partly from other causes. It nearly made me sick, and I rushed to the door, where I was thankful to obtain a mouthful of comparatively pure air. How human beings could live in the atmosphere in Joosuf Oosman's shop I cannot imagine; yet here the opium-smokers lay with looks as contented as though the air they were breathing were as fresh as an ocean breeze. I went further down Duncan Road, and entered, by a narrow half-open door, a den which belongs to a Chinaman named Apoo, who on this occasion was seated near the door weighing, with a tiny bamboo machine made on the same principle as a steelyard, pice against little cups of opium, and I noticed that Apoo professed to give each customer weight of opium for weight of pice. This room was 40 feet long, 30 broad, and 8 feet high, yet over fifty people, men and women, occupied its benches, some engaged in smoking, others in sleeping off

the effects of the previous night's orgies. No light or air could be admitted except through the door, and I saw many of the groups by the dim flames of spluttering oil-lamps, making a weird-enough scene, I assure you. But I could not stay long in the den; the heat and the stench of the place soon overcame me, and I had to rush to the door and mop myself."

—Telegram, Calcutta, 9th: "The Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal has returned to Monghyr after a tour in Tirhoot and meeting with all the North Behar officers. All relief operations are in full work. Cases of starvation or of extreme emaciation are very rare. The numbers needing relief greatly exceed the estimate in Mozufferpore, where 200,000 are employed on the works. The numbers fall short in Seetamurree, whence 12,000 tons of grain have been transferred to Mozufferpore, and 7,000 to Mudhobannee. There has been a recent accession of severe distress north of Purneah. No rice except Government grain is procurable in North Behar. It is expected that the consumption of Government grain in East Tirhoot during June will reach 37,000 tons. The number on relief works is beginning to decrease in consequence of good rain having fallen everywhere. 800 tons of private grain is being imported into Patna daily, mostly for South Tirhoot."

—*Times of India:* "The Maharajah Scindiah has apparently been a much-maligned chief. The whole story of his Lucknow escapade is now 'positively denied.' The Maharajah had no connection, personally or otherwise, with the outrage. He was really ill, and it was for the purpose of obtaining medical advice that he went to Lucknow."

What shall be done with the man who originated this story, if it is thus baseless?

—*Times of India*; Mailigaum: "On the 25th of last month a Purdasee named Gujrah Sing, a pensioned Jemadar of a Native Infantry, died of hydrophobia. It appears that besides this man many others were bit by a mad dog some three months ago. This rabid animal is said to have bitten some 35 individuals the same day, of which number more than 15 cases are reported to have terminated fatally. The police have since been provided with poisonous drugs as a means of destroying all stray dogs. A tax of one rupee a year has also been imposed on owners of dogs."

—*Overland Mail*, May 22nd: A strong Conservative Government has been formed in Spain. Troops are ordered from Bilbao to defend Madrid, as the Republican zealots are discontented.

The Scotch and Irish Judges object to the proposed new Court of Appeal, retaining a preference for the final reference to the House of Lords.

By 278 votes to 68 the House of Commons has rejected Mr. Taylor's motion for Sunday recreation for the million.

A motion censuring Lord Sandhurst for corruptly receiving pay when absent from duty has been negatived by the House of Commons without a division.

The Betting Bill has been read a third time and passed.

Stroud has returned Mr. Dorington (C.) by 2,796 votes to 2,722 for Mr. Stanton (L.).

Mr. Sheridan (L.) has been re-elected for Dudley by a majority of 718 votes.

Reservoirs at Goshen, Massachusetts, have burst, and destroyed a hundred lives and much property.

The cost of Arthur Orton's trials is estimated at 55,315*l.*; 49,815*l.* has been paid already. Dr. Kenealy being ill, the Benchers' inquiry is postponed till July.

Amongst the deaths recorded this week are—Gen. G. Dixon, 104th Regt.; Major-Gen. P. Hamond, late Madras Art.; Lieut.-Gen. R. Law, 71st Regt.; Col. C. S. B. Bivar, late Madras Cav.; Col. E. Down, late Madras Cav.; Col. G. F. Luard, Madras Staff Corps; Col. R. Hayne, R.A.; Capt. W. Barton, late Postmaster-General at Ceylon; Sir J. G. R. de la Pole; Sir H. S. Meysey-Thompson; and Sir R. Therry.

Mr. Dale, of Birmingham, the successor of the well-known Nonconformist preacher John Angell James, in an important theological essay read last week at the Cannon Street Hotel, declared himself, in reference to eternal punishment, to be a believer in the doctrine that there is no such thing as "immortality" except as the gift of Christ.

—*Bengal Chr. Herald:* "On Friday the 22nd ultimo, at Gopalganja (Faridpur), the scene of brother Mathuranath Basu's missionary labours, his beloved partner in life fell asleep in Jesus. Only the other year Mrs. Basu left her Hindu home and joined her husband, while he was making an evangelical tour. Some time after, she found Jesus, and clear indeed was her evidence of an interest in the precious Saviour. She cheerfully supported her Christ-intoxicated husband, in undertaking his exceptionally self-denying mission to the *chandals* of Gopalganja. But her Lord would almost immediately have her with Him where He is, and she departed to be with Christ. Her last words were: 'Jesus is my all in all.'"

THURSDAY, JUNE 11.

—The *Bombay Gazette* says that six boxes containing arms and ammunition were seized at the Tanna Station the other day. A Borah was sending them to Indore. They purported to contain umbrellas and brass. For one case discovered, fifty probably are not, says the *Gazette*. It would be well to ascertain if the Holkar's Government knows anything about these doings.

—The *Gazette* says there are a good many missing ships connected with this port.

—The *Gazette* announces with deepest regret the death of Mr. John Connon, Chief Magistrate of Bombay. He was on his way out to Bombay and died on board the *Sumatra*, at Alexandria, May 28th. At Brindisi he got news of the death of his old friend Mr. James Taylor, and the shock prostrated him.

—A correspondent of the same says that about two years ago the Bombay Government "appointed a committee consisting of Messrs. Connon, Dosabhai Framji, and Munguldas Nathoobhai, for devising some means towards decreasing drunkenness, whose wise suggestion to decrease a stated number of licenses successively for three years, and to recoup the loss entailing upon the revenues by increasing the license fees of the remaining licensees, was fully approved of by Government in their resolution passed on the same subject."

But it appears they are increasing the number of licenses.

—The *Delhi* with the next English mails left Aden the 10th, at noon.

—The Austro-Hungarian Lloyd's Company have now 75 steamers.

—A Mr. Bachmaier of Munich has invented a universal language. Every idea is numbered. Money is 126 in any language. A telegram expressed in numbers will be read in any country if they only have the dictionary.

—"Dr. Beatson, Surgeon-General of the Indian Army, died at Simla on Sunday last. The duties of the post will be temporarily taken up by Dr. Inglis."

—The sale of the late Sir E. Landseer's collection realized £70,000.

—"The *New York Times* publishes an account of a marriage ceremony performed 'over the wire' with the minister at one end and the engaged couple at the other. At five o'clock, the hour fixed for the celebration, the officiating clergyman in the office at Keokuk (Iowa) of the Western Union Telegraph Company, received a telegram from the bridegroom and bride saying that they were in the telegraph office in Bonaparte (same State), and 'ready to proceed.' The following message was then sent:—'Keokuk, Iowa, April 16, 1874. John Sullivan and Frances Godown, Bonaparte, Iowa. Please join hands and take the pledge.—Wm. C. Pratt. (A copy of the pledge had been previously left with them). Then came the response; 'Bonaparte, April 16, 1874. Wm. C. Pratt, Keokuk. We take the pledge.—John Sullivan, Frances Godown.' The concluding despatch was as follows:—'Keokuk, Iowa, April 16, 1874. John Sullivan and Frances Godown, Bonaparte. Iowa. By authority I pronounce you husband and wife, and may God bless you.—Wm. C. Pratt.' Congratulations were then sent from all the stations along the line to the happy couple who had just been united by the 'lightning process.'"

—A punkah cooly at Allahabad died of the effects of a kick given him by a soldier.

FRIDAY, JUNE 12.

—A report has reached Hongkong that the *Rositary Nene* (late *Venus*), which left Macao some months since with 800 coolies on board, has reached Rio de Janeiro with only from 130 to 150 alive.

—Ritualistic clergymen, to allay existing dissensions ask for a canon to protect clergymen from interference in respect of the position which they may conscientiously feel it their duty to take at the holy table during the Communion Service; and that some liberty may likewise be conceded for the adoption of a distinctive Eucharistic dress, and of other ornaments and forms not inconsistent with the spirit of the Church of England, at early celebrations of the Holy Communion, or under such other limitations as Convocation may think fit to recommend, in cases where the minister and the congregation may desire the same."

—Deaths last week, 284.

—*Times of India:* telegram, Calcutta: Rain has fallen generally in Bengal, which is favourable to agriculture. The crop prospects for September next are more hopeful.

Food riots have broken out in Cooch Behar, and are believed to be more serious than is stated. The sepoys have been called out in Buxa. Supplies of food have been sent.

—There were 466 fires in Chicago last year.

—The *Advance:* "About one hundred and seventy-five ministers in and about New-York City, including Bishop James, Dr. John Hall, Mr. Cuyler, Mr. Beecher, Mr. Talmage, Sec. Strieby, Sec. Haven, Dr. Scudder, Dr. Ray Palmer, &c., have signed a paper expressing the opinion that 'moderate drinking is the primary cause of drunkenness,' and pledging themselves not to use alcoholic liquors of any kind as a beverage."

Selections.

FROM BONDAGE TO FREEDOM; OR, HOW I ENTERED INTO REST.

BY REV. EDGAR M. LEVY, D.D. (ABRIDGED.)

In my twenty-first year I was ordained pastor of the First Baptist Church, West Philadelphia, then just organized. Here God greatly blessed my labours in the salvation of sinners. The church for many years was favoured with frequent outpourings of the Spirit. I often marvelled how one so partially consecrated could be so successful. I am conscious now that I was proud of my success, and that it was needful for God to humble and afflict me. It is of the Lord's mercy that I was not consumed.

After a pastorate of fourteen years I accepted a call to Newark, N.J. Here also God wonderfully blessed my labours, and hundreds were added to the church. But oh, how were all my services, even the best, mixed with selfishness, ambition, and pride! A consciousness of this often filled me with shame and sorrow. Then I would make a new effort to improve my life by more watchfulness, zeal, and prayer; and although failure was sure to follow, yet, not knowing of any better method, I would tread the same weary road over and over again.

Severe afflictions visited me. The sweetest voice of the household group was hushed; the brightest eyes were darkened in death; health failed; many friends proved unreliable; hopes withered; and the way grew rough and thorny. My unsanctified soul, instead of learning submission, became impatient of restraint, would sometimes murmur against the dealings of God with me, question his wisdom, and doubt his love. These feelings would not always prevail. There would be periods of relenting. Mortified at the indulgence of unchristian passions, I could not refrain from weeping before God with true contrition of heart; but it was only to return to the same bitter experience. That marvellous portrait which is hung up in the seventh chapter of Romans, and which pourtrays the fearful struggle between will and power,—between the evil that is hated and yet committed, and the good that is approved and yet not performed,—is a faithful picture of my condition at this time. After a residence of ten years in Newark, I returned, in the autumn of 1868, to the scene of my early labours, and became pastor of the Berean Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

In February 1871 Mr. Purdy, an evangelist, was holding meetings in the Methodist church adjacent to mine. I was invited by the pastor to attend these efforts to promote Christian holiness. I went timidly at first, and yet I continued to go every afternoon for several days. There were divine influences drawing me there. Many Christians from different churches, and "elect ladies not a few," were also in attendance. Day after day, with meekness and gentleness, and yet with unwavering confidence, they told the story of long years of conflict, and of ultimate and complete triumph through simple faith in the blood that cleanses from all sin, of their soul-rest and abiding peace, of their power with God and man, and the fulness of their joy. At first I became deeply interested, and then my heart began to melt.

My desires were kindled. An insatiable hunger seized my soul. To be saved from sin, to be

"cleansed from all iniquity," to have a "pure heart and a right spirit," to be "dead indeed to sin, and alive unto God," to be made "perfect in love," and this not occasionally, but continually, even to the end of life, seemed too good to be true; and yet it was precisely that moral condition which the salvation of Christ implies, and for which my heart thirsted, as the hunted roe "pants for the water-brooks."

Just at this stage of my experience the meetings ended, and Mr. Purdy was compelled to leave for another appointment. Before leaving, however, a suggestion was made that he might be induced to return and hold meetings in my own church. It was a surprise to me. I was not sure that my people would consent. I could do nothing, therefore, but leave it for the decision of the church on the coming sabbath. I did so, and, greatly to my surprise, there was not the slightest objection raised. It was of the Lord.

The first day of our meeting had come. The church was well filled. I introduced Mr. Purdy as a brother who had been much blessed in promoting revivals of religion among the churches, and expressed the hope that his coming would be made a blessing to us. I had many misgivings, and a secret desire in my heart that he would say nothing about sanctification, but bend all his efforts to the conversion of sinners. This, however, was not his way. Like a wise masterbuilder, he commenced to lay the foundation broad and deep. He took our Confession of Faith, and urged, from the teaching contained therein, that we should accept the doctrine of sanctification by faith. Our covenant was next produced; and here he reminded us that in this we solemnly promised that we would so regulate our lives as to enable us to "stand perfect and complete in all the will of God." Last of all, he spoke of our baptism as a beautiful symbol of our death unto sin, our burial with Christ, and our resurrection to a new and holy life. "According to your form of baptism," he said, "the body is buried in water, as the corpse is buried in the grave. In all your teachings on this subject, you insist that it is a figure of the believer's death and burial unto sin. But that is not all. You not only claim, in this act, that you die to sin, but that you also rise to a life of holiness. "Now if we be dead with Christ we *believe that we shall also live with him: knowing* that Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over him. For in that he died he died unto sin once; but in that he liveth he liveth unto God. Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. vi.). With great emotion and emphasis he said "You have the type, the figure, the symbol: will you deny the doctrine, and make what distinguishes you as a denomination a mere empty, lifeless ceremonial?"

After the sermon a number of persons bore testimony to the fulness and completeness of their present salvation. They represented several evangelical denominations,—the Methodist, the Episcopalian, the Presbyterian, the Friend, the Baptist; and there was a beautiful harmony in all that they said. I had no reason to doubt the truthfulness of their statements. "I might question," I thought, "their logic, find fault with their theories, and reject their phraseology; but how could I dispose of their experience?" My heart was melted. My judgment was assailed as it had never been before. After the meeting I returned to my study, fell upon the floor, and poured out my soul before God. I did not pray for pardon, but for purity. I did not seek clearer evidences of my acceptance, but to be "made free from sin," not in a judicial or theological sense, but by a real, conscious, inwrought holiness.

That night I was unable to sleep: I was completely broken down in heart before God. The vision of Isaiah seemed reproduced. "I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up." "Then said I, Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts."

The morning at length dawned; and on every ray I could read "Walk in the light, as he is in the light." "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts," as chanted by the seraphim, seemed floating through all the air. My justified soul was in love with this attribute of Jehovah. It seemed the most beautiful thing in the universe. As I thought of God, it was not so much his power or wisdom or justice or love that attracted my attention, as his infinite, spotless holiness.

That day, Friday, March 9, 1871, was observed by the church as a special season of fasting, humiliation, and prayer. My soul was in great agony. I can compare my experience on this memorable day to nothing else than crucifixion. It seemed to me that I had gone up with Christ to Calvary, and was transfixed to the cruel and shameful cross. A sense of loneliness and abandonment stole over my mind. "An horror of great darkness fell upon me," and all the powers of hell assaulted my soul. The enemy brought before me, with tremendous force, my life-long prejudices, my theological training, my professional standing, my denominational pride. It was suggested that I must leave everything behind me should I go a step further in this direction. The dread of being misunderstood, of having my motives questioned, of being called "unsound in doctrine," of being slighted by my ministerial brethren, and treated with suspicion and coldness, filled my heart with unspeakable anguish. Everything appeared to be sliding from under my feet. My sight grew dim, my strength departed, and faintness, like unto death, came upon me.

This mental conflict, however, soon subsided. The storm-clouds passed away, and light began to stream in. I was now done with theorizing, with philosophical doubts and vain speculations. The struggle was over: I cared no longer for the opinions of men. I was willing to be a fool for Christ, and to suffer the loss of all things. I was like a little child: I cried out, "Teach me *thy way*, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path."

Just then the fountain of cleansing was revealed. Angel-hands seemed beckoning to me to enter it. Jesus stood before me with his bleeding wounds, saying, "Come in! Come in!"

I turned to my congregation, and said, "I stand before you to-day a poor, weak, and helpless sinner. I have tried to find the way of holiness by every possible means. All my efforts, my struggles, my prayers, my fasting, and my round of duties have proved miserable failures. God is making a wonderful revelation to my long-darkened understanding. I am confident now that it is not by growth, or by effort, or by works of any kind; 'for then would our salvation be of works, and not of grace.' 'If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' It is the blood that must cleanse, and keep us clean. 'In *that day, saith the Lord, there shall be a fountain* opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and for uncleaness.' That day has come. There lies the fountain of my Saviour's blood. It was opened for me, even me."

I fell upon my knees, and bowed my face to the floor. For a moment I felt that I was sinking in a great sea, and that all its waves were going over me. But they did not seem to be the waters of death. The congregation were singing—

"I am trusting, Lord, in thee.
Dear Lamb of Calvary,
Humbly at thy cross I bow:
Jesus saves me, saves me now."

The Spirit of God whispered those precious words: "But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." It does now, this instant, cleanse! My faith laid hold of this wonderful truth. A strange peace entered into my soul. I exclaimed within myself, "I am free! My heart, my soul, my mind, my body, are washed in the blood of the Lamb!" It was all so strange, so new, so unlike anything I had ever experienced before, that I could not utter a word; and then the only sentiment of my heart was "Lord, it is done! I am saved!"

When the meeting ended, I repaired immediately to the parsonage. I experienced great physical exhaustion, like Jacob, who was never so weak as when he had just prevailed with the angel.

I threw myself into a chair, and at once the blessed baptism came. I seemed filled with all the fulness of God. I wept for joy. All night long I wept: all the next day, at the family altar, in the street, and in the sanctuary, tears continued to flow. The fountains of my being seemed broken up, and my heart was dissolved in gratitude and praise. My soul seemed filled with pulses, every one thrilling and throbbing with such waves of love and rapture that I thought I must die from excess of life.

At once I had a new and wonderful sense of the presence of Christ. Those words of Jesus were made real to me: "Abide in me, and I in you." I had now an abiding Christ. With Mrs. Edwards I could say "The presence of God was so near and so real, that I seemed scarcely conscious of anything else. I seemed to be taken under the care and charge of my God and Saviour in an inexpressibly endearing manner. The peace and happiness which I hereafter felt was altogether inexpressible. The whole world, with all its enjoyments and all its troubles, seemed to be nothing: my God was my all, my only portion."

The sovereign will of God seemed at once so sweet and blessed, that I felt lost in the thought that God ruled over and in me. I found myself praising him for every trial, sorrow, disappointment, and loss. All my ransomed passions came rushing from their secret places to do homage to his holy and adorable will.

My sense of unworthiness was greatly quickened. I felt so small, so weak, so utterly nothing, I could no longer pray in the sanctuary, as had been my custom, in a standing position: I wanted to keep sinking lower and lower. And this desire brought a strange pleasure.

I felt a sweet spirit of forgiveness in my heart. It was easy for me to pray for those who had injured me: persons who had become repulsive to me aopeared, all at once, as possessing many excellences. I saw so much more to admire, and so much less to condemn, in the people of God, that it seemed God had "made all things new."

My love for the brethren was much enlarged. Denominational distinctions disappeared; and my heart flowed out in tender affection for "all those that love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

Answers to prayer were continually occurring. The promise was made good, "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you." I no sooner asked for a boon than it was granted. One out of many instances of this nature I wish to relate. During two or three weeks I had scarcely slept at all, first from excess of sorrow, and then from excess of joy. Night after night witnessed my utter inability to sleep. Mind and body began to show great nervous exhaustion, which only increased the tendency to wakefulness. One night after retiring, and suffering as before, it occurred to me, "Now ask Jesus." At once I raised my heart in prayer, saying, "Blessed Jesus! I need sleep. Effort will not bring it. I now seek it from thee: let me go to sleep." Immediately I fell asleep, and continued to sleep soundly all that night, and every night since.

I do not find this life—what in my ignorance I once regarded it—one of mysticism, indolence, and self-gratulation, but a life of ceaseless activity amidst undisturbed repose; of perpetual absence of all weariness amidst perpetual employment. Neither do I find it a condition of stagnation. All life involves growth, and there are no limits to the possibilities of growth in the life of faith. The more the soul receives, the more it is capable of receiving, and the more it yearns to receive. Because it has got some glimpses of its boundless wealth in Christ, it is ever crying "Give me more;" and nothing satisfies it save an experience of development and growth, which is the result not of effort and struggle, but of an inward and divine life.

Miscellany.

—*Woman's Work;* the Ministry of Flowers: Come with me next to a close, gloomy attic in a street hard by. In a corner lies a poor invalid, the tiny flame of life fast dying out; see how the dim eye sparkles for a brief moment as it catches sight of the fragrant nosegay the Bible-woman carries; bend down gently and watch the wan face as a smile of welcome to the beautiful flowers plays over its features; then she raises them to her lips, and kisses them, oh, so tenderly! and we can just hear the faint whisper, "My Father has sent them to wile me away Home;" before the cock-crow she is gone, "*wiled away Home*" in very truth.

In thought, pass on to the London Hospital, taking with us a few sprigs for the patients who belong to our own district; so few are the flowers that we have to dole them out very carefully, and going through the crowded wards they must be covered up, that they may not tantalize those to whom from their scarcity, they cannot be given. Glance but at one bed; on it lies stretched a youth of some twenty years, a terrible sufferer—face, eyes, and nose all eaten away by the fearful ravages of disease. Over this human wreck a mother bends with unchanged love. "Let me give him a flower," says Miss Macpherson to the nurse. "It would be useless," is the reply, "for he

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cannot smell, and it is very doubtful if he can see." Miss Macpherson is anxious to try and bring, if possible, a ray of sunlight to the weary sufferer; so she again asks leave to give him "but one daffy-down-dill." It is granted; the poor fellow grasps it eagerly, and the earnest "Thank you" that follows well repays for the effort, and causes us to *envy the gatherer of that lily*, for its size and bright colour did just enable the sick man to perceive this token of his Father's love.

The mission of those flowers is not yet ended, but I will only mention one more incident.

A letter from a dying emigrant girl to her mother, who lives in one of the worst courts, has to be taken; but a short time since, it was said to be impossible for the workers to venture there. However, the work must be done; so Miss Macpherson sets forth, accompanied by one of her helpers, and carrying a bunch of the flowers. Entering the court, she is besieged by little children, and rough women whose eyes are black from fighting, all clamouring for a flower. One by one, the flowers are given; and oh, the softening influence they exercise! for, as the ladies proceed and find out the poor depraved mother sitting on her doorstep, then read the letter from her "Eliza," telling her of "the joy she has found in Jesus, and how she is soon going to be *with* Him; and not only so, but that George (whose passage out his sister helped to pay with her own earnings, is so well, happy, and strong, a head and shoulders taller than when he left London; and, more than all, that George, too, has become a Christian, and brother and sister alike long that mother should share in their joy." Though the words fall on the mother's deadened ear as the echoes of an unknown tongue, the inhabitants of those terrible dens cluster round, and listen quietly to the gentle holy words telling of God's wondrous love in Jesus to them—lost, degraded sinners.

—Same; Worldly Amusements: We are not to be mere copyists of other Christians in those things respecting which no precise directions are laid down in the Scriptures; but we ought each honestly to search the Scriptures, and to apply the principles there laid down to our conduct. "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world." The love of the world and the love of God cannot co-exist; but it may be the young lady will ask—"What is the *world* that I am not to love?" The reply is furnished by what follows. "The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life is not of the Father, but is of the world." Now we know that these three descriptions of lust, or unhallowed desire, are not *confined* to the dance or theatre; but can these things be indulged in without involving more or less of the spirit of the world—the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience? If the young lady who asks advice will test her own feelings when the excitement of the dance, the theatre, &c., has subsided, she will be better able to judge for herself than others can judge for her. If she finds that her thoughts and affections turn as steadily to Christ as their object; if a life of devotedness to the object for which Christ lived and died, and rose again, continues as attractive to her; if she finds it as easy to be watchful over her conduct and conversation as before: if she can be sure that her Christian profession and her sanctioning of the dance, &c., *may not prove a source of temptation to others* who cannot hold themselves so independent of the evil influence of these things as she can—then she may, with a safe conscience, go with the multitude. If, on the contrary, she finds that in any of these things she is endeavouring to serve two masters, then let her ask that Jesus may give her strength in his own meekness and gentleness to confess Him before men, to take up her cross and follow Him. Young Christians are not often called to rebuke others, but they have even a greater power committed to their charge—the power of a consistent example. "Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers—in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity."

To conclude, I should like to impress upon the mind of the tried one this great comfort—that the first act of dedication, the first sacrifice made for the Lord, breaks down the force of innumerable temptations; for henceforward it is known and accepted by friends and foes that our choice is made, and that it is useless to expect that we should act inconsistently with it. None but those who have tried it know how—when the heart of the young disciple is opened to the Lord, who knocks for admittance—He does come in, and fills it with light, and life, and joy.

—The N. Y. *Tribune* tells this "true story" and points its moral:

Two or three weeks ago an accident did *not* occur near Scranton, Penn.; the newspapers missed a sensational horror; and a dozen men instead of being hurled into eternity without time to breathe a prayer, walked quietly home to their dinners, quite unconscious that Death had them by the throats. It might, after all, be worth our while to look into the cause of the loss of this tragedy to the world; we should have been keen enough to unearth the guilty party if it had occurred. The facts are briefly these: In the largest anthracite coal mine in the State, the care of the engine by which the cars for passengers are lowered and hoisted is placed in the hands of a Scotch-Irishman, an ordinary fellow enough. The cable, necessarily of great weight and thickness, passes through the roof of a slightly-built shed under which he stands. One morning as the man stood smoking his pipe, his hand upon the lever, his mind very probably busy with his dinner, and assuredly not wrought up to any heroic rapture of resolve, the ascending car (loaded with coal) at one end of the cable broke, and fell crashing into the dark shaft, to be shattered into a thousand fragments. He knew that in the next minute the cable, released from the strain, would fly back and fall with crushing weight on the rickety beams and boards of the roof. Death was absolutely certain if he did not escape from the shed. But if he took his hand from the lever, the descending car, full of men, must fall one or two hundred feet. He had but one instant to face his death and theirs, and to choose between them. There was a boy in the back of the shed: the man motioned to him with his head to go out. Then he tightened his hold on the lever. The loosened cable struck and caught somewhere below against the side of the shaft. Surely God meant it should so strike! It was the delay of but a breath of time; but it was enough. The car grated with a jar against the ground far below: its occupants stepped leisurely out, while the man who had saved them above threw himself from under the shed, just as its roof, beams, pulley, and all, crashed down on the spot where he had been standing.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

Rome, June 4th: His Holiness the Pope has experienced a relapse, and is now suffering from loss of appetite and strong fever.

Paris, 4th: The National Assembly are discussing concurrently the Municipal Electoral Bills which purpose disfranchising three millions of inhabitants.

Rome, 5th: The Pope is better, and his doctors advise a change of air, but his Holiness refuses to leave the Vatican.

London, 6th: In the House of Lords last night, Lord Dunsany, in moving for copies of the Treaties of Conventions for insuring the neutralization of the Suez Canal in time of war, said that at present no guarantee existed for the preservation of the Canal as a highway for the commerce of England. Earl Derby replied that he held documents from the Viceroy of Egypt and the Porte insuring neutrality, and he did not think our use of the Suez Canal precarious—*Obituary:* Major-General Macpherson.

Paris, 8th: The Programme of the Left Centre demands the proclamation of the Republic or a dissolution of the National Assembly, and refuses an alliance with the Right Centre unless the latter accepts a definitive Republic.

Madrid, 9th: Information has been received that a force of eight thousand Carlists, under the leadership of Don Alphonso, has been defeated in Arragon.

London, 9th: The British exports for May amount to £21,250,000, showing a decrease of £1,375,000. The imports amount to £28,500,000.—A monument to Prince Rajaram of Kolapore has been unveiled at Florence.

10th: In the House of Lords the new India Council Bill has passed through Committee. The Marquis of Salisbury explained the necessity of the measure, and alluding to the satisfactory result obtained by the appointment of a special Cabinet Minister for Finances stated that it was proposed to follow that precedent in the matter of Public Works, with a view to establish such a system of supervision over irrigation and railway works as would prevent them from becoming a permanent burden on the resources of India.

Paris, 10th: The proceedings of the Assembly are marked daily with stormy incidents. M. Gambetta yesterday delivered a speech in which he accused the Ministry of favouring the Bonapartists, and stigmatized the Bonapartists as wretches. His speech caused great disorder, and a tumultuous scene ensued, M. Gambetta being requested to retract his words, which, however, he refused to do.

Rome, 10th: His Holiness the Pope has recovered his health sufficiently to resume giving receptions. Among other receptions since his recovery, His Holiness received two hundred pilgrims from America yesterday.

Paris, 11th: The Assembly has voted by 348 votes against 337 the maintenance of the age of electors at twenty-one. This defeats the vital clause of the Municipal Bill.

Berlin, 11th: The property of the Archbishop of Posen has been sequestrated.

PASSENGERS SAILED.

Per P. and O. Str. *Gwalior, 5th:*

For Southampton.—Mr. James Watson; Mr. Jas. Watt; and Mr. Joseph Cox.

For Brindisi.—Mr. West.

For Venice.—Mr. Scott Mackenzie.

For Suez.—Dr. P. Murphy.

Per P. and O. Str. *Golconda, 12th:*

For Southampton.—Mr. W. Todd; Mr. John Hodgart; Vet. Surg. J. Anderson; Captain C. V. Oliver; Mr. and Mrs. McCombie; Surg. K. M. Downie; Mr. C. A. Mackenzie; and Mr. Woodman.

For Brindisi.—Mr. Horace A. Cockerell; Dr. C. N. Kernot; Mr. Prier de Saone; Mr. T. Vix; Mr. Alex. Warde; Mr. J. B. Thompson; Mr. H. Badham; and Captain A. Dunlop Anderson.

For Venice.—Mr. R. T. Campbell; Mr. R. H. Pierce; Captain C. J. O. Fitzgerald; and Mr. Macartney.

For Suez.—Mr. Singer.

PASSENGERS ARRIVED.

Per P. and O. Co.'s Str. *Malwa, June 10th:*

From Southampton.—Col. Ashburner; Capt. and Mrs. du Jardine; Mr. F. Watkins; and Mrs. Kennedy and 2 daughters, and Mr. Row's ayah.

From Venice.—Mr. W. Johnstone; Rev. Narayen Sheshadri; and Mr. and Mrs. Derry.

From Brindisi.—Dr. Burr; Mr. J. Routledge; Mr. F. N. Wright; and Mr. J. Lennox.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

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MARRIAGES.

FORDHAM—MARSHALL—June 1st, at Mhow, Central India, J. W. Fordham, Deputy Controller, P. W. Accounts, Holkar State Railway, to Annie Frederica, eldest daughter of F. C. Marshall, C. E.

HENDRIE—MILLER—June 3rd, at the Free Church of Scotland, Wellesly Square, Calcutta, by the Rev. K. S. Macdonald, M.A., Rev. John Hendrie, United Presbyterian Mission, Ajmere, Rajpootana, to Marion Miller, eldest daughter of the late John Miller, of the *Gazette*, Forres, Scotland.

DEATHS.

WATSON—May 26th, at Nagpur, of consumption, Charles Collins Watson, Inspector of Police, Wurdah District, C.P., aged 25 years.

COLLINS—May 28th, at Oomraotee, Berar, at the residence of his brother Mr. C. Collins, of paralysis, John Collins, of Nagpur, aged 38 years.

HUTTON—June 6th, at Kurrachee, Charlotte, the beloved wife of James Hutton, Manager, Agra Bank, Kurrachee.

THOMAS—June 7th, at the Byculla Schools, of pneumonia, Jane, the beloved wife of Mr. John Thomas, Second Master, Boys' School, Byculla, aged 53. Deeply regretted.

BEAUMONT—June 7th, at Karwar, Walter J. G. Beaumont, Esq., late I. N., Port Officer, aged 31 years.

MYATT—June 8th, at Tanna, of heart disease, Mr. John Myatt, P. W. Dept., aged 31 years and 6 months.

GAME—June 9th, at Kamatipoora, Bombay, of asthma, Mrs Mary Game, aged 58 years.

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